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Bill Boyd

WESTERN

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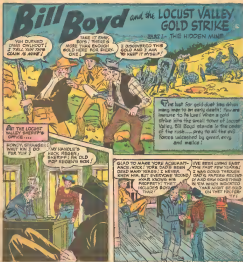


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IT'S
GOLD!
WE
FOUND
IT!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH GOLD
GOLD IN MY TIME TO RECOGNIZE
THE REAL THING WHEN I
SEE IT! YOU'RE RIGHT,
HUCK!

BUT IT'S NOT
GOING TO DO
YOU MUCH GOOD
BEING HERE!
LET'S GO! YOU
GOT FIRST!

IT'S A SURE
LUCKY THING
I'VE FOUND!
I'LL SHOW
YOU THE WAY
TO MY MINE!
I'VE FOUND IT!



THE ONLY PROBLEM IS THE SORT OF
CASH FOR MY SHARE! I'LL
HAVE TO SELL SOME
MONEY FIRST!

I DON'T
KNOW THAT
YOU'VE GOT
MUCH TROUBLE
NOW!



I REMEMBER THE BARBER
WHO WOULD GO TO SELL
GOLD IN AN
PROPERTY TO
THE PEOPLE
IN LOCUST
VALLEY!

IT'S ABOUT
MILES OF YOU
TO GET THERE
IS ON THE
ROAD!



THE FIRST THING TO DO IS ASK
EVERYONE THAT IS SELLING
GOLD! I DON'T WANT
ANYONE TO KNOW
THE CHANCE TO
OWN PART OF
THE MINE!

FROM EVERY-
THING I HEARD
ABOUT YOUR
YOU WERE
ON A CHOP OFF
THE OLD
MINE!



WELL, THEN... I PROMISED
THE
SHEPHERD TO TAKE CARE
OF YOURS WHILE HE WAS
AWAY! I WANT ALL
THE CONNECTIONS!



WELL, THEN... I PROMISED
THE
SHEPHERD TO TAKE CARE
OF YOURS WHILE HE WAS
AWAY! I WANT ALL
THE CONNECTIONS!



WELL, THEN... I PROMISED
THE
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AWAY! I WANT ALL
THE CONNECTIONS!

WELL, THEN... I PROMISED
THE
SHEPHERD TO TAKE CARE
OF YOURS WHILE HE WAS
AWAY! I WANT ALL
THE CONNECTIONS!







WINDY WHOPPER

THE OLD LAUGH



BILL BOYD WESTERN









A FRIEND IN NEED

By R. H. Spence

LARRY Penney rode into Devil's Park with his shoulders back, his head held high. The broad-shouldered, milk-white hat marked him a mile away and was, as his friends had said, an inviting target. Larry rode up the main street, between the plank sidewalks, fully expecting to be shot.

He could have come into town quietly by the back road. He could have worn a disguise. He could, at least, have made himself less conspicuous by not wearing the big white hat which had become the trade mark of Larry Penney, U. S. Marshal. He had thought of these things, and his friends had urged him to use them.

"It's a trap!" they said. "As soon as you hit Devil's Park, Butch Gaiser will put a bullet in your back!"

"Maybe so," Larry had agreed.

"Then why sign your own death warrant?"

Larry had replied with his soft drawl. "When an honest lawman has to go creeping and cowering like a snake on account of a so-good outlaw, it's time he turned in his badge." Larry looked at that badge now as he rode up the main street. He gave it a quick glance with his sleeve. It sparkled in the bright sunlight.

His horse was moving slowly, but his thoughts raced. He had been on the prowl for Butch Gaiser far longer than a month—Butch, despotic leader of a wild bunch, whose crimes ranged from murder to robbery. In the mail, Larry had received an anonymous tip that Butch was hiding out at Devil's Park—a lawless frontier town, whose gambling halls certainly outnumbered its churches.

Larry believed the tip had come from Butch himself. Butch had his own way of spelling words, a way that disagreed violently with the dictionary. And this was not the first such tip. Larry had received three others, in the same hand. Each time he had ridden with a small array of deputies, and each one had proved a wild goose chase. There had been no sign of Butch Gaiser at the appointed place.

The marshal got the idea. Butch would show himself only if Larry went alone. Although it wasn't expected that Butch wanted a man-to-man battle. More likely, Butch and his henchmen would outnumber the lawman, ten-to-one. Besides, had learned to have a healthy respect for Larry's keen eye and lightning draw.

"He's here, all right," thought Larry, as he moved slowly along the main street. "That's what makes the town so dead." A sepulchral calm hung over the main street, the calm before the storm. Not a creature was stirring. Chairs on the porch of the Hotel Grande, usually occupied by waiters, were empty. Not a single horse stood at the hitch posts. The usual ringing sound of hammer and anvil from the blacksmith shop was missing.

In a second-story front room of the hotel, Butch Gaiser loafed near a window. Beside him was his right-hand man, Red Mack. The window was open two inches from the bottom, with the shade drawn low. Butch was moving his rifle into position.

"I told you I'd get that tinster here sooner or later," gloated Butch.

"Sure," said Mack. "Like shooting a crippled anyone in a steel trap."

"What do you mean?" growled Butch, sighting down the barrel.

"I mean you've got to admit that hunkus has guts, riding smack bang into the town that way."

Butch grunted.

"More guts than you've got," chastised Red.

Butch flared. He thrust the gun butt swiftly striking Red Mack in the neck. The surprise blow sent his henchman reeling across the room. "That'll teach you to start me!" Butch growled, once more focusing his attention on the white-headed figure in the street below. He drew a hand on the back of Larry Penney's head. He squeezed the trigger, the rifle "cracked."

But instantaneous with the crack of the rifle there was another sharp report, the sound

of a furious fist crashing against a stabbled jaw. "Nobody can knock me around, not even you!" roared the redhead.

On the street below, Larry heard the shot and dashed as the slug whined past his left ear and split into the board sidewalk beyond. The mannel slid off his horse, dived behind a water trough, and whipped a .45 slug through the aperture from window of the Hotel Grande. The crash of glass mingled with shouted curses and falling legs. In another second, Larry saw a redheaded man crash through the window and land heavily on the street below. He lay there limply.

A hand and pistol pointed out of the window and aimed downward at the helpless man. A voice cried, "Cross me, will you? I'll show you what happens to any cypins who cross me!"

"No mistaking that voice," thought Larry. "It's Dutch Gelsner for sure."

The lawman's .45 slipped upward again, his finger squeezed. A yelp of pain came from the window, the pistol fell, and the hand was hastily withdrawn.

Red Mack opened his eyes, blinked, and yelled, "Lawman! Look out behind!" Larry whirled his head to see a slug-gun barrel glinting in a partly opened doorway behind him, to the left. Two guns spoke, not quite together. Larry's was first. A howl of "Ouch, my hand!" came from the doorway.

Larry rolled away from the water trough and plunged through that door. He found a man with a bleeding right hand, attempting to pull a second gun with his left hand. Larry's quick move had surprised him, and his quick fist surprised him even more. One punch and the man went down knocked out.

Larry looked around quickly. He was in a narrow hallway. There were no other exits there, but he knew there soon would be. He could hear the raucous voice of Dutch bellowing, "Go get him, you blasted sidewinder! He's in the hallway!"

There was a transom above the door. Larry grabbed the low frame, pulled himself up and braced his feet against the wall. He along there while a barrage of bullets crashed

through the door below him. He heard a voice, "He must be dead. Nobody could live through that storm of lead." Larry took off his white hat and sailed it down, so that it lay almost on the head of the outlaw he had knocked out.

The door was kicked open. "There he is!" somebody yelled. "No mistaking that white hat!" Larry saw a finger pointed at the fallen outlaw. Four men rushed through the door. Larry leaped on the last one and felled him with one blow. The other three turned. The fight began!

The quarters were so close they dared not risk shooting for fear of hitting each other. This is what Larry had counted on. He waited in with fists flying. He still had a slight advantage! The men were still surprised. He took punches that would have knocked an ordinary man, but he kept working in. "Crack!"—a knockout. "Wham!"—another man sagged. "Pow!"—Larry had won the battle—as far.

Bruised and bleeding, he staggered to the door. When he wanted most was to rest, but he still had big business ahead. He must capture Dutch Gelsner. He blinked. His eyes had to get used to the sunlight, after the darkened hallway. Then he saw it! Dutch, across the street, bending over the fallen figure of Red Mack! Dutch, with a hunting knife raised, ready to stab it down into the helpless Redhead's heart.

ONCE again the lawman's .45 jerked and jerked. The knife fled from Dutch's hand and smashed against the wall. Driving his aching legs forward, Larry plunged across the street. His big fist swung as it belted Dutch's evil face. Dutch fell, sprawling across Red Mack.

Mack looked up. "I never thought I'd be thanking a lawman for anything," he grinned. "But thanks!"

"No thanks necessary," panted Larry. "I couldn't stand by and see anybody murdered in cold blood."

"My sentiments, too," grinned the redhead.

It was not until much later, at the trial and testimony, that Larry Penney understood what Red Mack meant.

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arounds—something busi-
ness pilots did
often in dark after
engine failure. For
depressed mariners —
the non-freshly
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CLARENCE JOHN BARTON, JR.
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He was joined on _____ by _____ a San Francisco, the _____
which I received 100 and 1. Caravan (which also listed
the same as used listed these names and so.)

NOTE _____

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BILL BOYD WESTERN

HAMMER HEAD

CLOSE
FRIENDS!



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OF THE GOLDEN WEST-

BOB COLT

10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢



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Bill Boyd and the LOCUST VALLEY GOLD STRIKE

THAT'S
DEATH STALKS
THE TRAIL

ISN'T THE ONLY
DANGER IN
THESE WILD
PARTS, AND A HINT
TO WHAT WE'RE UP TO
... BUT IT AIN'T
GONNA DO
US. LET'S
GO!

LOCOMOTIVE
IS TONED--

NO MORE BORN THE
RANGE FOR ME, WITH
AN SHARE OF THE GOLD
MINE. I RECKON IT'S
TIME FOR ME TO
RETIRE.

SEE
GUY
ALL BE
RICH?

WELL, SAY WE ALL
WON UP AND YARD A
LOOK AT OUR PROPERTY.
I AIN'T EVER OWNED
A GOLD MINE BEFORE, I'D
LIKE TO SEE HOW THEY
TAKE OUT THE GOLD.

THEY'D A
GOOD IDEA, RECK
BEFORE IT WOULD
DO ANY HARM TO
ROBBY CREEK AND
THEY A BARRON.

BA
GENERAL STORE



WON'T IT BE A NICE SHAMPOO IF WE ASKED HOOD PERSONS TO SHOW US AROUND? HE KNOWS THE PLACE BETTER THAN WE DO!



WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!



IT SOUNDS LIKE A NICE SHAMPOO IF WE ASKED HOOD PERSONS TO SHOW US AROUND? HE KNOWS THE PLACE BETTER THAN WE DO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

THERE'S HOOD OFFICE RIGHT UP AHEAD!



WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!



WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!

WELL, NOW, THEN, I WAS OFFERED UP JUST A SHORT NEW SET TO WASH. LET'S GO!





AND IT'S MY OPINION THAT THE BRIGADE OF THE BOLD IS MORE OTHER THAN ALL BOYS HIMSELF!



WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE TO GO AFTER THEM CHILDREN! WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE JOB-DOERS!

ABOUT ME, MY SISTER OF OUR-ALWAYS LEFT ROOM OF TO ROBERT BARRON AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



I'VE BEEN ASKING ABOUT FOR THAT MONEY I'VE BEEN ASKING AND I'VE GOT HIM TO LEAVE IT!

WHENEVER YOU GOOD FOR THOSE THINGS REPORTED!



SUBMITTING NAME HAS RETURNED TO BILL BOYD?

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THAT HAND TRUCK FROM CRASHING HERE!



SAY, THE CHURCH IS TOO SMALL FOR US TO GO TO EACH MEET IN BAYED!



AND IF YOU'RE NOT SURE, YOU'LL BEAT YOURSELF, I CAN GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!



THOSE BANG BANGS ARE GOING ON, BOY!



THOSE CROWDS AREN'T EVEN NEARBY WITH EACH OTHER, I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE GARAGE THAT TIME IN WITHOUT WAITING FOR THEIR OTHER PARTNER TO SHOW UP!

BILL BOYD WESTERN







I DON'T THINK THEY
ARE GOING TO GET ME!



IF I CAN'T GO
THROUGH THE
ROCKS--



--I'LL CLIMB FROM
THE TREE OVER
TO THEM!



SUPPOSE IF IN FOR A SLIPPERY
WALK I GET IN ON THEM FROM
UP HERE! THEY THINK I'M LOST!



WELL
JUST
THEN--

HUM--

SWISH!



GO!
HARD O. SOME
ON!

THUD



THE MAN HAS COME OUT OF NOWHERE TO FIGHT BILL BOYD IN THE ACT OF CAPTURING A PAIR OF DANGEROUS ALLIGATORS! WHOSE HANDS CONTROL THE RIVER? WHAT SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT BILL BOYD'S ROAD TO THE CAPITAL OF THE GREAT VALLEY GOLD STRIPES?

WHITEY WHISKERS "KID STUFF"











I GOT THE
OLD CONSOLE NOW.
WHAT WE IS?

WHAT'S THE MESSAGE
OF THIS? IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW, I ARREST
YOU REBELLIOUS AIN!

IT'S BOYD!
OLD TOM
CAUGHT HIM!



LOOK WHO'S TALKING 'BOUT
THE LAW! NO CHIEF'S gonna
TELL US WHAT TO DO!

CHIEF?
WHAT'RE YOU
SINGING AT?







---SAYD
THIS IS
IT!

POW!



AFTER THE YOUNG
BOYD TO BE IN A
LIFE-OR-DEATH SITUATION!

BAM!



THOSE PARTNERS OF YOURS
WASNT KILLED! THEY GAVE
THE BOYD IN SITUATION A
DOUBLE-CROSS!

BAM!



THE BOYD LIVED! SAYS SAYS!

THEY PROMISED
REWARD FOR THE
HIDE-OUT WHILE I
WAS WAITING FOR
THE BOYD. THEY
PROMISED THEY'D
LEAVE ME HOLDING
THE BAG!

JUST TELL ME
WHERE THE
HIDE-OUT IS!
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE REST!



IT'S THE ALICE
OUTTA TOWN, RIGHT
ABOUT THE HOLLOW
TRAIL, GEORGE
POSS ROAD!

ALICE, YOU
TAKE CARE
OF HIM! I'M
WAITING FOR
HOLLOW TRAIL!



WE'VE GOT THE ALICE TO
TRAIL, MOUNTED AND IN SADDLE
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TRAP
IN THAT
HIDE-OUT
ANY LONGER
THAN IT
TAKES TO
DITCH UP
THE LOOT!



WE'LL TAKE
THE HIDE-OUT
CUT!



BAM! BOY! BAM!
DOES IT!





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